

No. 6 M. K. S. G. T. S.

Thine am I my faithful Fair

Sung by
MR PHILLIPS.
Composed by
JOHN WHITAKER.

NEW YORK

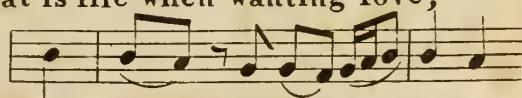
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AMOROSO

Thine am I, thine am I my faithful fair, Thine, thine, my lovely Nancy; Ev'ry pulse, ev'ry pulse a long my veins Ev'ry roving fancy: To thy bosom lay my

heart, There to throb, to throb and languish; Tho' despair had wrung its core -- That would heal, that would heal its anguish. To thy bosom lay my heart, There to throb, to throb and languish; Tho' despair had wrung its core That would heal that would heal its an - guish.

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Take away, Take away those rosy lips,
 Rich, rich with balmy treasure;
 Turn away, turn away thine eyes of love,
 Lest I die with pleasure:
 What is life when wanting love,

 Night, night without a morning;
 Love's the cloudless summer sun,
 Nature gay, nature gay adorning.

